

## WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

## VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

[VOL. IV.]

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No. 37.]

The following narrative is from the Ladies' (London) Museum. It may not prove unacceptable to our fair readers. It calls to mind Hamlet's expression to Ophelia: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."]

THE Count d'Orval, distinguished by the posts which he held at court, and in the army, in 1734, married the young Elmira, whose birth and fortune made her one of the most desirable matches in France. She joined to these advantages, that of good sense, cultivated by the best education. She was beautiful; but she was so little vain on that account, that she gave no occasion to those with fewer attractions to envy her. In a word, Elmira was the delight of the societies in which she lived. The Count congratulated himself on the choice he had made; Elmira was no less satisfied with her's; and love and pleasure crowned the days of this happy pair. Amongst those who frequented the house of the Count, were two gentlemen, whom it is necessary to introduce to the reader. The first, named Alceste, joined to the prerogatives of birth, the possession of a very considerable fortune; but he gave into all the follies which could spring from these two advantages, without possessing any of the qualities which make them valuable: he had, however, in presumption, what he wanted in sense; and although he knew nothing, he wished to decide on all subjects. Irregular in his conduct, he yet affected to appear more so than he was; he spoke ill of every body, especially of

women. The other was announced under the name of the Chevalier de Castro. He was in the bloom of youth, spirited, lively, and complaisant; and of beauty very rare in the male sex: to conclude, he had as many agreeable qualities, as Alceste had defects. Both paid their court assiduously to the Countess. Alceste, who believed himself in love with her, was not backward in telling her so; but she made a jest of his passion; notwithstanding which, it increased every day: and as he thought it impossible that the Countess could be blind to merit such as his, he imagined he was superceded by some rival, to whom, through want of taste, she gave the preference. His suspicions fell on the Chevalier de Castro. It is true, the latter had so many graces in his behaviour, that she always gave him the most flattering reception; but the attentions they paid each other, did not go beyond what politeness might authorize. Things were in this state, when the war which was declared in 1736, between France and Spain, obliged the Count to set off for Flanders, to join a body of troops of which he had the command. Alceste was in the same circumstances; but the sentiments which he entertained for the Countess, making him wish not to leave her without having obtained some mark of her favor in return, he delayed his departure, under various pretences, hoping that the absence of the Count would be favorable for him. But it happened quite contrary to his expectations; for Elmira, fatigued with his persecu-

tions, and fearful of violating decorum, in suffering, in the absence of her husband, the attentions of a man who had declared himself her lover, refused to receive him at her house. He was the more angry at this treatment, because the Chevalier, whom he looked upon as his rival, did not experience the same affront. If he had dared, he would have challenged him; but, having reflected on the subject, he judged it would be the height of imprudence, to expose a man of his consequence to the danger he must run in a duel. He was but little accustomed to arms; those of which he made use of were much surer: a stroke of slander would fully satisfy his revenge. He therefore prepared for his departure, and set off for the army.

A few days after, the Chevalier de Castro, having finished the business that detained him at Paris, left it, without being informed either of the jealousy, or of the designs of Alceste. As soon as the latter arrived at Flanders, he went to find the Count d'Orval, and told him, with all the art which men are accustomed to use in an imposture, to which they wish to give the air of a secret, that he was too much his friend to hide from him the disorderly way in which his wife lived during his absence, and that he had surprised her *te-te-a-te* with the Chevalier, in such a way as did not leave the smallest doubt of the sentiments she had for him. Although the Count had till that moment the greatest confidence in the

virtue of his wife, yet the discourse of Alcestes gave him some uneasiness. The Countess was young; the lover he had supposed for her, had many attractions, and was it impossible that she might suffer herself to be seduced? Love every day performs the greatest miracles. However, the fears of the Count would, perhaps, have been dissipated, if it had not been for an incident which seemed to give them some foundation. Two years had elapsed since their marriage, without their having children; but at his departure for Flanders, he had left his wife pregnant. As soon as she perceived it, she was eager to inform her husband, that he might partake of the joy which she herself felt. But this news, which would before have completed his happiness, at this moment appeared to him as the certain proof of his dishonor. He was struck as if with a flash of lightning: the most dreadful thoughts took possession of his mind, and fury and vengeance succeeded to the most tender love. He let the rest of the campaign pass without writing to his wife, who knew not to what to attribute such strange inattention. The season, however, obliging the troops to go into winter quarters, Elmira flattered herself she should have an explanation with her husband, which would bring him back to his former sentiments; but the Count more irritated than ever, did not leave her the means of accomplishing her intention; for, on taking the road to Paris, he sent before him two confidential servants, who carried the Countess a letter from her husband, in which, he enjoined her to depart immediately for a castle he had at the distance of ninety miles from the city, and he charged his servants to execute his order without any delay. Elmira was ready to die with grief at this cruel command: she saw herself treated as a criminal, although she had nothing to reproach herself with: her virtue, however, gave her strength to obey the will of her husband, unjust as she knew it to be; and a short time after her arrival in the place of her exile, she brought a son into the world, who became her only consolation, although the innocent cause of her misfortunes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RIVALSHIP.—“I wonder,” says a woman of humour, “why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point: he wishes to be master, and so do I.”

#### SELECTIONS AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

[We present our readers with the following account of one of the most ingenious stratagems ever played off by the light-fingered gentlemen of any nation.]

THE last time the Queen of France visited the theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier, whose whole merit consisted of a heavy purse, and in an ostentatious display of eastern magnificence, set alone in a box opposite to that of her majesty. *Bourgeois* affected to make parade of a costly pair of bracelets, which, as the queen now and then cast her eyes upon her, she fondly supposed attracted the admiration of her sovereign. She was flugging herself in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a person, dressed in the queen's livery, entered the box.—“Madam,” said he to her, “you may have perceived how attentively the queen has surveyed those magnificent bracelets, which, though so precious and costly, still receive a greater lustre from the dazzling beauty of the arm that bears them, I am commissioned by her, to request you will lend me one of them, that her majesty may have a nearer view of the unparalleled jewel.” Melted by the flattering compliment, and as the sharper's trick would have it, the queen having kept her eyes during the time, in a straight direction to her box, she did not hesitate, and delivered one of the bracelets. Alas, she soon repented her blind confidence, and heard nothing more of the bracelet, until the next morning, when an exempt from the police begged to be admitted, chid her politely for trusting so valuable a trinket in the hands of a person who was a stranger; “But, madam,” added he, “make yourself easy, the rogue is taken up, and here is a letter from the lieutenant de police, which will explain the whole.” The letter was indeed signed *de Crone*, and contained a request that the lady would repair at twelve o'clock to the office, and in the mean time deliver to the exempt, he had sent, the other bracelet, that it might be compared with the first then in his hand, that he might have sufficient proof to commit the sharper. So much attention from the chief magistrate, called up all her gratitude, which she expressed in the liveliest terms, bestowing the greatest praise on the watchfulness of the police, which was in no country so well administered as in Paris. In

fine, after ordering up a dish of chocolate for the exempt, she put the other bracelet in his hands, and they parted; but it was for ever. This pretended exempt, proving neither more nor less, than the worthy associate of the queen's bold messenger.

[From the Charleston Courier.]

#### A FEMALE CHARACTER.

LOTIONELLA, though she has not a single beautiful feature in her face, yet strives to make the world believe that she possesses the ruddiness of *Hygeia*, and the fascination of *Cleopatra*. She has carried on her arts of deception, with such ingenuity and secrecy heretofore, that she has generally been considered as the most beautiful woman of her age. Nothing can be heard in the circles of fashionable amusement, but the name of *Lotionella*. At operas, plays, and assemblies, she is ever the topic of conversation.—“The rose of Sharon flourishes on her cheek, and the lily of the valley” waves on her polished temples.

Odes, sonnets, and rhapsodies, flit through the rounds of refined society, and wait in myriads to her praise. *Parnassus* has been plucked of every flower, to decorate the fair. The little archer has spread wide destruction among the hearts of beauties, whose squares have fallen at a glance, and groups have melted at a single smile.—Most of those who have survived the shower of arrows sent from the citadel of love, have perished by a leaden death.—Five duels have proven fatal to all parties, and the ten victims sunk in an honourable grave. Two broken legs and a fractured skull, bear ample testimony of the ardour of affliction, and the miserable survivors seem only wretched that they did not seal their admiration in the tomb. *Lotionella*, perfectly aware of the necessity of much caution in the prosecution, of her deception, is very seldom known to mix in conversation or company, and then she seats herself in the most distant part of the room, where the light is but sufficient to throw up the variety and elegance, without the falsity of her charms. Her admirers attribute her reserved and distant conduct, to that feeling and modesty, that bids her conceal her beauties, which, if unfolded in all their splendour, would dazzle and confound the human sight. Such is the vast ascendancy which female ingenuity acquires over



the weak minds of fluttering beau's, those tinsel shadows, those gilded bubbles that live but a moment, and then, expiring, sink deeply in eternal silence. Young minds are too apt to be pleased with trifles. Ostentation, dress, and show, rivet the affections, at an early period, hence arises the necessity of a due attention to that false taste, that takes such deep root in the minds of youths. They should be taught to think that literature and science, add most to the loveliness and greatness of mankind; and that these are the only things that can lastingly ensure admiration and respect.

That the beauties they so frequently behold, when connected with that apparent modesty, are but lures to decoy the youth who mistakes falsehood for truth, and the glittering splendour of borrowed charms, for the intrinsic worth of real beauty. That *Lotionella*, however amiable she may appear, is not unconvertant in those practices of deception, so common among the ladies of the present day, that she does not possess the mild simplicity of truth, however much she may appear so; and that a few particular inquiries would convince them that she understands the preparation of seven different washes for the skin, that her arched eye brows once sprouted on the back of a Peruvian mouse; and her pretty teeth wandered, centuries ago, over the dusty plains of Hindostan.

## ON DRESS.

I have often thought, that though dress may justly be called a trifling thing in itself, yet that it deserved more the consideration of a philosopher, than is generally imagined, as being no inconsiderable or unfaithful index of the mind. Those who see accurately, will certainly discover a connexion between many particulars in a man's dress and his peculiar disposition, temper, and turn of thought; supposing his dress to be the choice of his own taste, and that he has not implicitly conformed to the manner of others, which may be first well considered; and, after all, a great variety of particulars must be examined before certain judgment can be made; for there is such a thing as being above dress, (in general or particular,) and being equal to it, and being below it. However, a discerning eye will often discover strong indications of character, in dress; and it seems a principle that di-

rects a man in the clothing of his own body, directs him also in the furnishing, not only his house, but his mind.

*Bos. Mag.*

IN Italy, says a modern author, a lover, at a ball, places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, "you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it drop, that signifies, "I consent." But if she turns her hand, it is to order him to be off. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only *indifference*. To place yourself near her, is *interest*; but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, and to make her shine by your anxiety, is *love*.

## THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

Some years ago, at the theatre in Dublin, Mrs. Glyn, (a new actress) having made her first appearance in the character of Lady Townley, three high-bred women of fashion in the stage-box, grossly insulted her, by talking loud, coughing, &c. The actress was greatly distressed, stopped, and at length burst into a flood of tears, and retired. The ladies, unabashed, for a moment enjoyed their triumph, when a great uproar ensued, and *go on, go on*, was heard from all parts of the house, when a young collegian suddenly jumped upon a bench, and exclaimed to the audience, "My friends, who sit about me, are determined that the play shall not go on, until those three drunken gentlemen in women's clothes, leave the stage-box." This address was universally applauded, and being followed by a shower of oranges and apples from both galleries; the amazonians retired in the utmost confusion, amidst the hoots and hisses of the spectators.

## LINES

*On seeing a dog asleep near his master.*

THrice happy dog, thou feel'st no woe,  
No anguish to molest  
Thy peaceful hours, that sweetly flow,  
Alternate sport and rest.  
Man's call'd thy Lord, affliction's heir,  
And sorrow's only son.

Whilst *he's* a slave to every care—  
And *thou* art slave to none.

Blest near thy master, there to lie,  
And blest with him to rove;  
Unstain'd by guilt, thy moments fly,  
On wings of grateful Love.

Oh that my heart like thine could taste  
The sweets of guiltless life,  
Beyond the reach of passion plac'd,  
Its anguish, and its strife.

## GOOD SIGNS AND TOKENS.

'Pray, sir, how do you find yourself?' said a doctor to his patient, 'Why,' says the patient, 'I have had a most violent sweat.' 'The very best sign in the world,' quoth the doctor: 'And how do you find your body?' 'Why, I have had a most terrible fit of shaking;' 'So much the better, it shews great strength of constitution: and pray how are your lower parts?' 'Why, I am swelled as if I had the dropsy.' 'The best of all signs,' said the doctor, and took his leave.

One of the sick man's friends came in soon after, and began the same string of questions, how he felt himself? &c.

'Why, I am so very well,' replied the patient, 'that I am almost ready to die, I have such a vast many good signs and tokens.'

## BALLS.

Assembly rooms are not the places, of all others, in which the LADIES may be studied to much advantage. One cannot learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where one can observe her behaviour at the table, at the fire side, and in all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good, when we are pleased, but she is the good woman who wants not a fiddle to sweeten her.

## TRIED FRIENDS.

A sharper having observed that there was no knowing one's friends, till they were tried, was asked if most of his had not been *tried* already?

## FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Richmond, May 23d 1806.

Permit me, Mr. Oldschool, to subjoin an anecdote of Dr. Donne, which is not noticed by your biographical correspondent in the account of his life, published in your useful miscellany of the 18th of January last. B.

WHEN Sir Robert Drury requested Dr. Donne to accompany him on his travels, Mrs. Donne being in a pregnant state, and her health rather precarious; she expressed an uneasiness at the idea of a separation, saying, "Her divining soul boded some ill in his absence." But, upon Sir Robert's being importunate, she at last consented. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Donne was left alone in a room, where himself, Sir Robert, and some friends had dined together; to which Sir Robert returning in an hour, he found Donne sitting still alone, but with such an altered countenance, that he could not help expressing his amazement; and asked him, what had befallen him. Donne was not able to make an immediate answer, but after a long and perplexed pause, at last said, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert answered, "Sure sir, you have slept since I went out; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I beg of you to forget, for you are now awake."—Donne answered, "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her appearance, she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished." A servant was immediately dispatched to Drury-house, to know whether Mrs. Donne was living, and, if alive, in what condition; who brought word that he found her left her in a very languid state, and that after a long and dangerous trial, she had been delivered of a dead child. Upon examination, it appeared that this event took place on the same day, and about the same hour, that Dr. Donne had affirmed he saw her pass by him in the room.

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money; therefore money is better than counsel. Swift

Is there not much beauty of sentiment in the following FRAGMENT?

\* \* \* Sweet pliability of the affections, that takes the barb from the dart of misfortune, and shapes the mind to its allotment. I have been master of a palace, said Honorius, and now my only habitation is a cottage. Troops of liveried servants then obeyed my nod, and my sheep alone are now obedient. The splendid board is now exchanged for the fruits that the earth yields to my own labour, and the rarest juice of the vintage is succeeded by the simple beverage of the fountain; but am I less happy in this retirement where the change of fortune has placed me, then when I passed my youth in the gaudy bowers of prosperity. If I am not soothed by flattery, I am not wounded by ingratitude. If I feel not the conscious pride of superior life, I am not the object of calumniating envy, and I am now too far removed into the shade, for scorn to point its finger at me. Fears I have none,—and hopes, there is my consolation, there is the source of my joys, and the cure of my sorrows—they no longer rest on vain, idle, fallacious objects, on private friendships, or public prejudices or laws, they have now a more durable foundation—they rest in heaven. \* \* \*

Please to insert the following anecdote in your paper and oblige your constant reader, S.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

ON the subject of death, Johnson used to say "That the boastings of some men as to dying easily, were idle talk." Hawthornden's Cypress-Grove being mentioned to him, where it is said "that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to remain in the show-room after he has seen it; let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators."—Johnson said,— "Yes, sir, if he is sure to do well after he goes out of it; but if he is to grow blind after he comes out of the show-room, and never to see any thing again; or if he does not know whether he is to go next; a man will not cheerfully go out of a show room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he shall go into a state of punishment: nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he shall go into a state of annihilation; for however unhappy any man's existence

may be, he would rather have it, than not exist at all.

[The following is a remarkable instance of the injustice of former times, and of the basest ingratitude.]

During the time of Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James the second, one of his party, knowing the humane disposition of one Mrs. Gaunt, whose life was one continued exercise of benevolence, fled to her house, where he was concealed, and maintained for some time; hearing, however, of the proclamation, which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harboured the rebels, he betrayed his benefactress; and such was the spirit of justice and equity which prevailed among the ministers, that he was pardoned, and rewarded for his treachery; and she was burnt alive for her charity.

The Vanity and Ambition of the Human Mind exemplified, in the Life of some insects; the extent of whose age is only a single Day.

CICERO, in his first book of his Tusculan questions, shews ingeniously the falsity of the judgments we form, concerning the duration of human life, compared with eternity. To give the more force to his reasoning, he quotes a passage from the Natural History of Aristotle, concerning a kind of insects that are common upon the banks of the Hypanias, a river of Scythia; who never live beyond the day on which they are born. "He that dies at eight in the morning, dies in his youth—he that dies at five in the evening, dies in decrepid old age. Who amongst us does not laugh to see the happiness or misery of this moment of existence brought into consideration?—The shortest and longest life among us, if we compare it with eternity, or only with the duration of mountains, stars, trees, or even of some animals, is not less ridiculous."

WHEN the Persians under Xerxes, invaded Greece, their haughty general sent these words to Leonidas, commander of the Grecian forces—"Surrender your arms." Leonidas wrote and returned this answer on the same paper—"Come and take them."



TO THE

EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

SIR,

I may, perhaps, be accused of rashness for having entered the field with so skilful an opponent as the sprightly Eliza; the shafts of whose wit I would fain repel, but she eludes me, like the wild ibex, who, nimbly bounding on the Alpine hills, derides the spear of the huntsman. If an attempt to follow me in my plain and simple recital awakens fears in the bosom of my fair antagonist, how much more shall I be appalled, when I would pursue her through the dark and winding labyrinth of metaphysical discussion.

Eliza, at first, supposes something like an accusation, and defends herself with peculiar warmth. Start not, my charming friend! The sentence to which I alluded, was not intended to alarm you. It contained not the smallest intimation that you had had occasion to be jealous of any one. No.—It implied only that the jealous fears of Horatio would have made him the object of your contempt, had his addresses been paid to you and not to Belinda.

My second assertion, which has received so ample a share of her criticism, she does not seem to have fully comprehended. I have not like her, been taught to support my arguments by the rules of syllogism, and the sentence in question, could not, in my opinion, admit of such an illustration. Had Eliza attended strictly to my meaning, she would have explained it by this simple position—That love and esteem are the only sure basis of a lasting and permanent admiration.

It were, I presume, immaterial whether admiration were conveyed through the eyes, or even through optic glasses; whether it enters through, or passes from them.—an object or an emanation. If its stay is short, it is at least a frequent visitor. Esteem has virtue and goodness for its object; admiration supposes beauty and splendid endowments; for the latter of which, the possessor may be partly indebted to that mental improvement, which Eliza would inform us is the primary requisite for insuring love and esteem. Let me offer some examples for illustration.

The amiable Melissa is a pattern of virtue and goodness, she possesses no extraordinary degree of personal beauty, though her features are correct, and her countenance and gestures not unpleasing. Her attire is neat, but divested of ornament. Every deficiency is, however, supplied by her innocence, her amiable disposition, her filial affection, her sanctity, her virtuous example—she is universally beloved.

The beautiful and accomplished Laura is the wonder and envy of her acquaintance. Her complexion is fair, her cheeks gently blooming, her eyes sparkling, her dark hair waving in graceful ringlets on her bosom, her person is tall and elegant, her air majestic, her look commanding, her voice enchanting: No one like her touches to soft, mellifluous harmony, the keys of varying music, or paints, with finer hand, the smiling landscape, the lofty turret, or the ruined tower: No one like her can speak the tongues of foreign lands, the pride of polished nations. The loftiness of her manner, is not, however, calculated to gain affection; her acquisitions have inspired the envy of her sex: she does not, like Melissa, possess their esteem and love, but she is universally admired.

If then, these two females, in whose characters so striking a dissimilarity appears, are notwithstanding, equally conspicuous among their acquaintance, the one beloved and esteemed, the other admired; will Eliza still assert, that admiration is a short-lived tenant, that enters, but instantly forsakes the heart?

I have ascended a hill, Eliza, and from its summit surveyed the scenes around me. I beheld Spring smiling in all her beauty; her woods waving, her rivers flowing, her lakes gleaming; her rivulets sporting with the sun-beams; her blooming gardens, her fields of verdure, her odour breathing groves. I beheld the orb of day rolling in majestic splendour through the expanse of heaven, whose rays of boundless vision, illumine the lofty mountains, the far distant islands, and unknown climes. I have beheld nature when robed in the stary mantle of night, when the moon shed her mild light over the heavens, when the star of evening appeared in transcendent beauty, and the celestial myriads sparkling like innumerable diamonds, moved round in silent majesty, and cheered the sight of mortals

with their never-fading splendour. I have again, and again, beheld them with awe, with reverence, with delight, and wonder.—Say then, Eliza, when we thus admire the works of creation, will you censure me for declaring that they excite a lasting and permanent admiration?

Fear not, Belinda, to accept your Horatio, if it is only his high estimation of your charms that excites your pity. He no doubt, still possesses those amiable qualities which first engaged your attention. Is it jealousy alone, that has obscured them? Expect not that a mortal, though worthy even of your love, should possess the purity of celestial beings. Shall beauty be deprived of the gem that glows on her bosom, because she trembles at the approach of the rude invader? Shall the pliant willow be uprooted, and cast to wither on the plain, because it trembles at the roaring tempest, and bends beneath the rude fury of the whirlwind? Shall the feeling mind of Horatio become the prey of unrequited passion, for wishing to possess the treasure held high in his esteem? Shall he lose your affection, Belinda, because he has feared another would deprive him of it?

I have thus endeavoured, with as regular a plan as possible, to follow Eliza through her mazy paths. She will pardon the freedom I have taken in opposing her sentiments; for it is only in the contest of opinions, that truth can be ascertained. I figure to myself her dark eyes sparkling with vivacity, and though unknown to me, feel for her the glow of affection. Her censures I have found beneficial, and conducive to that instruction, which, in my former letter, I declared to be one of my motives for displaying my name in your paper.

LUCETTA.

## MAGNANIMITY OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

When Vespasian commanded a senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death, if he spoke on the other side; the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, although the event was uncertain, answered, with a smile—"Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is in my own disposal—my life in yours. Do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

## WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, July 12.

John Banks, whom we mentioned in our paper of the 7th of June last, was executed yesterday pursuant to his sentence.

During the time of his trial, his conduct was peculiar, and we may say, unprecedented.—He manifested tokens of phrenetic joy immediately after the Judge had pronounced his condemnation; and expressed a wish to be executed much sooner than the time allotted him to live.

A few days previous to his execution, a friend of our's visited him in his dungeon. His behaviour appeared greatly changed. He said he knew nothing of religion, having never attended to its precepts; but if the most heart-felt repentance of a crime so heinous, could afford any hope in his dying moments, he thought he should possess it.

We saw him pass from his prison; and were informed that on his arrival at the place of execution, he kneeled, and for a considerable time appeared intent on prayer; at intervals prostrating himself on the earth; and that after taking leave of those around him, he ascended the cart, and gave the signal for his own dissolution.

As the season approaches, when the *Dysentary* commits its greatest ravages people would do well to turn their attention to the subject, that they may provide if not with a preventative, at least, with a cure.

Dr. Abernethy, of South Carolina, has addressed to the public, an account of what he declares to be "A cure for the Dysentary," which consists of as much common table salt as a gill of fountain water will dissolve, with which, must be put one gill of good vinegar, a little essence of peppermint added to the whole, is an improvement.—Of this mixture, give to grown persons or children, every half, or quarter of an hour, so much as their

stomachs will bear, the sick person may drink any good wine, brandy, or spirits, diluted with water, and sweetened with sugar.

Dr. A. relates several cures effected by this medicine, one of which, was upon himself. He is fully assured of its innocence and efficacy.

## SELECTED TOASTS.

*The following, are among the number drank by the company who dined at Faneuil Hall, Boston.*

The day—It made us freemen—May it never find us slaves.

The Patriots of 1776—The glory they shed upon our nation, is reflected upon their characters.

The memory of Washington—May our country never have to blush for his honours, by its degeneracy from his counsels.

The reverend Clergy—May they derive from the public manners, the security they impart to the public morals.

By the Tunisian Ambassador—"May every foreign agent return to his own country, impressed with the same favourable ideas of American hospitality that I will forever make a merit in cherishing."

By Gen. Eaton—The day—as it was—Let not the sweat of Americans be bartered for essences to perfume a pirate's beard; nor our harvests for gold to purchase humiliation.

By Commodore Preble—our enterprising officers, and hardy seaman, engaged in the peaceful pursuit of Commerce—May it ever be the pride and glory of their naval brethren in arms, to protect and defend them.

By Judge Pain.—May the principles of social liberty, which laid the foundation, and produced the consummation of American independence, like the grain of mustard-seed, become a great tree, under which, all the nations of the earth may find that shelter which human nature hankers for.

## At New-York.

By Capt. Wm. Lovett's company of Artillery.—The American fair—May they always possess such a knowledge of the soldiery of their country, as to be able to discern the coward from the brave man; and, possessing such knowledge, may they never place their affections on

unworthy members of the community.

## At Rockland.

The American fair—May they reward those only, with their smiles, who deserve well of their country.

Deaths in this city during the last week, of the following diseases, viz.—Consumption 7, flux, infantile 4, casualties 3, decay 3, cholera morbus 2, convulsions 2, dropsy 2, hives 2, whooping cough 2, asthma, cancer, childbed, debility, remittent fever, typhus fever, small-pox, sprue, teething, worms, of each one. Men 13, women 7, boys 14, girls 6—Total 37.

\* Two men and a child. Of the men one was accidentally killed by the going off of a cannon, whilst in the act of ramming down the charge; the other, by a fall into a brewer's cistern, and the child died in consequence of having fallen from a stoop.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring,  
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels."

## MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Rodgers, the honourable John Broome, Lieutenant Governor of this state, to Mrs. Hunter, widow of the late Robert Hunter, Esq. of this city.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. George Y. Burchan, to Miss Mary M. Domington, both of this city.

On Friday, the 4th inst. by Bishop Moore, at Trinity Church, the Rt. rev. Abraham Jarvis, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, of the state of Connecticut, to Miss Lucy Lewis, of Philadelphia.

On Saturday last, at the seat of Lewis Simond, Esq. Bloomingdale, by the Right rev. Bishop Moore, Joan Ferrers, Esq. to Miss Mundy.

At Hartford, (Conn.) the 15th ult. Mr. Francis Wilby, merchant of Boston, to Miss Sally Robins, daughter of Mr. Ephraim Robins, of the former place.

Same place. William Woodbridge Esq. of Marietta Ohio, to Miss Juliana Trumbull, daughter of the hon. John Trumbull, Esq.

At Bath, Mr. Richard L. Jones, of Hartford, Conn. to Miss Eliza Clark, daughter of Capt. Jeremiah Clark.

At Lexington, Kentucky, on the 5th ult. Benjamin Park, Esq. Delegate to Congress from the Indiana Territory, to Miss Eliza Ba ton, formerly of New-York.



## A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

## TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. S. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions. 6s. 8s. and 12s per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s and 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s 3s. do. Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s 4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s per box

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

May 24, 1806.



JOHN JONES,

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL  
MAKER,

NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET  
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov 23.

tf.

## NEW BOOKS.

SAGE AND THOMPSON,

149 PEARL STREET

Have received from LONDON, by the ship Alexander, a large addition to their former assortment of books, which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms: among which are the following:

Political and Confidential Correspondence of

Lewis the 16th by Helen Maria Williams, 3 vols

Revolutionary Putarch, 3 vols. 12mo calf gilt.

F. male Revolutionary Putarch, 3vols 12mo. do.

Life of John Wilkes, 5 vis 12mo.

Rural Philosopher, 8vo calf gilt.

Picture of London, for 1806.

Court Calendar, for 1806.

Letters of a Mamaluke, 2 vols. 12mo.

Henry's Commentaries on the Bible, 6 vls. 4to calf

Doddridge's Expositor, 6 vols 8vo. calf.

Cruden's Concordance, 4to calf.

Zollikofer's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo.

Claude's Essays on the Composition of a sermon, 8vo

sturm's Reflections on the works of God, 3 vols. 18mo

Romain's Walk of Faith, 12mo.

Do Life of Faith 12mo; Walker's Sermons, 4v 8vo

Withering's Botany, 4 v 8vo

Adam's Classical Biography, 8vo

Smoller's Works, 9v 8vo do.

Goldsmith's Works, 4 v 8vo do.

Locke's Works, 10v 8vo calf

Do. on the understanding, 3 vol. 12mo.

Spectator, 8vo. 12mo. calf gilt.

Dobson's Life of Petrarch, 2 vol 8vo do.

Dictionary of Polite Literature, 2 vol. 12mo. do.

Ossians Poems, 3 v 18mo do

Cowper's Poems, 3 v 12mo do

Hayley's Triumph of Temper, 12mo do.

Father's Legacy, 12mo do.

Tonkin's Select Poems, 12mo do.

Pope's Works, 6v 18mo

Pindar's Works, 4 v 12mo

Bishop's Poems, 2v 12mo do.

Ovid's Art of Love, 12mo do. Plates,

Odes of Anacreon, 12mo do.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, 4 v. 8vo calf

Cooper's Distiller, 12mo

Handmaid to the Art, 2v 12mo

Reide's Essay, 3 v 8vo calf gilt.

Fenning, on the globes; Keith do.

Johnson's, Sheridan's, Jones and Bailey's Diction-

aries.

## HISTORY &amp;c.

British Classic's 7 vols. 8vo

Gibbon's Rome 6 vols 8vo New Edition.

Russels Ancient and Modern Europe 6 vols. 8vo

Mavors Voyages and and Travels. 24 vols

Kotzebues Travels 4 vols 12mo

Biographical Dictionary 15 vols. 8vo

do. do. 8vo.

Studies of Nature 3 vols 8vo

French Revolution. 2 vols. 8vo

Bristed's Tour through the Highlands of Scotland

2 vols. 8vo

Rollins Belies Lettres, 2 vols. 8vo

Richardsons Correspondence 6 vols.

Robertson's History of Charles 5th 4 vols 12vo

Richardsons Pamela, 4 vols. 12vo

Do. Clarissa Harlow, 2 vols. 8vo.

Beaunes of English Prose, 12mo

Do. do. Poetry, 12vo

Carr's Nothern Summer 12vo

Do. Stranger in France 12vo

Burn's Works, 3 vols. 12mo

Johnson's, Dictionary in miniature 12mo

together with a great assortment of NOVELS,

TALES. ROMANCES, &c. many of which were

published in London the present year. Also,

Extra large thin Folio and Quarto Post Papers.

Plain, Hotpressed, and Gilt Edge, Lignum Vitae

and common Sand Boxes, Ivory and other Pounce

Boxes, Pounce, Best Led Pencils with and with-

out slides, Wedge wood, Pewter and Ebony Ink

stands, Walden's Japand Ink, office seals, Ink

Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Silver

and Steel Pencil Cases, Playing Cards, India Rub-

ber, Slates and Slate pencils, Quills, Tooth Brush-

es Reeve's water coloured Paints by the Box or

single Cake, Drawing Paper, Ink and Sand Glas-

ses for Portable Desks, Metallic Pencil Memoran-

dum Books, Scales, Dividers, Mathematical In-

struments, Fools Cap and Post Papers, Bone and

Ivory Paper Folders, Letter Racks, and a variety

of other articles.

May 10.

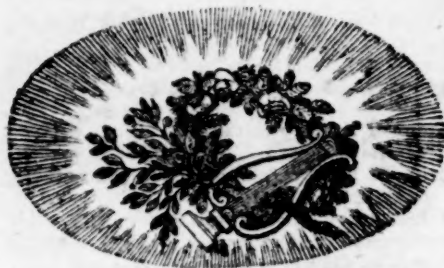
## W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 71, Nassau to No. 29 Partition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden Lane.



[From the *Columbian Centinel*.]

MR. RUSSELL. As some saucy male critics have lately given us *belle* some *side-shots*, at our dress, you will oblige me by inserting the following *return-fire*

### THE TIPPY BOOTIES.

OF all the gay beaux,  
That sport their smart clothes,  
There's none that my fancy can please,  
With their *Spencers* or *Crofts*,  
Or woolly *Forcetops*,  
Like Bob's yellow *Tippy Booties*.

*Inexpressibles* tight,  
Some fancies delight,  
With bunches of tape at their knees,  
Yet all must confess,  
Though snug is the dress,  
It yield's to Bob's *Tippy Booties*.

The *Blue Pantaloon*,  
As they march in platoons,  
Each lady's attention quick sieze;  
But I let them pass by,  
And turn round my eye  
For Bob's yellow *Tippy Booties*.

View little Jack Sprat,  
With his head from cravat,  
Peeping out like a mouse from a cheese;  
With shoes on his toes,  
And a handful of bows,  
Then see Bob's yellow *Tippy Booties*.

Then there's slouching *Beau Shape*,  
With a coat and a cape,  
Like blankets of wild *Cherokees*,  
Though quiet or moving,  
He looks like a sloven  
Near Bob's yellow *Tippy Booties*.

With such a dear lad,  
I ne'er could be sad,  
Should we wander o'er mountains or seas:  
And happen what might,  
I'd still find delight  
In my Bob, with his *Tippy Booties*.

### THE LADIES' MAN.

[FROM THE DARTMOUTH GAZETTE.]

NO malice, no envy inspires  
The bard, his advice to disclose;  
The favor a *fofling* acquires,  
Will never disturb his repose.

Though sad, he must always seem gay,  
Though restless, appear at his ease;  
Must talk, when he's nothing to say,  
And laugh, when there's nothing to please.—

Must never look shy, nor afraid;  
Approve of nonsensical clatter—  
And smile at whatever is said,  
Good, bad, or indifferent—no matter.

If Nancy says 'Cæsus was poor,'  
Tis his to say *yes*, and agree;  
Or Charlotte, 'two three's are but four,'  
*Correct, mam*; just four they must be.

Should Susan remark, 'it is hot,'  
His answer must be, *it is so*:  
If Mary observes 'it is not,'  
To her he consents, and says *no*.

Would any dispense with his mind,  
Bow, wheedle, sigh, whimper, and pray;  
And, hoodwink'd, be led by the blind,  
To such, I have only to say,—

Quit Paley, and study to please,  
Read Chesterfield's system of laws;  
And then you may bask, at your ease,  
In the sun-shine of female applause.

PICARD, at the theatre de Louvois, has brought out a dramatic piece, written by a child of thirteen years. The critics say that if he employs *infants* to write and perform, he must have their fond parents only for the audience. *Paris pap.*

### VARIETY.

#### Benevolence.

True benevolence extends itself thro' the whole compass of existence, and sympathises with the distresses of every creature capable of sensation.

Little minds may be apt to consider compassion of this inferior kind, as an instance of weakness; but it is undoubtedly the evidence of a noble nature.

Homer thought it not unbecoming the character of a hero to melt into tears at a distress of this sort, and has given us a most amiable and affecting picture of Ulysses weeping over his faithful dog *Argus*, when he expires at his feet.

#### A Lawyer's opinion of Law.

Counsellor M——n, being one in day in company, where the uncertainty of the law became the topic of conversation, he was applied to for his opinion, upon which he laconically observed "If any man was to claim the *coat* upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a law suit, he should certainly have it; lest, in defending my *coat*, I should, too late, find that I was deprived of my *waistcoat* also."

#### Parisian Novelties.

A woman of high fashion no longer buys bed furniture at an upholsterer's, nor to a silversmith for her candelabres, &c. but she employs a painter to make designs, apposite to her rooms, and when they are executed, the models are destroyed that they may not be multiplied.

The young men now shave the nape of the neck, that the collar of the coat may not discompose the hair; so now the mode of the hair is, behind, à *Vespa-sian*; in front, à *Carracalla*; and on the sides, à *Titus*.

A young man dressed in the *ton*, has his coat made by one, his waistcoat (sufficiently long to cover the body of a middling sized rat) by another, and pantaloons by a third—each famous for his skill in furnishing said articles.

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NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE  
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